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BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Jas. D. & G. B. Babbage, Editors and Proprietors

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1894.

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SIX PAGES.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress

ALEX. R. MONTGOMERY.

For County Judge

JOHN ALLEN MURRAY.

For County Attorney

MILTON BOARD.

For County Clerk

R. C. RICHARDSON.

For Sheriff

F. K. RHODES.

For Assessor

HENRY GARNER.

For Surveyor

A. A. LALLEST.

For Jailor

J. S. DEJERNETTE.

For Coroner

WM. EMBRY.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress

JOHN W. LEWIS.

For County Judge

WM. A. HILL.

For County Attorney

R. N. MILLER.

For County Clerk

J. O. CUNNINGHAM.

For Sheriff

SI. PATE.

For Assessor

W. E. DOCKERY.

For Surveyor

CHINTZ ROYALTY.

For Jailor

GUS. SHELLEMAN.

For Coroner

JOE TAYLOR.

PEOPLE'S PARTY TICKET.

For Congress

S. E. WAGONER.

For County Clerk

A. M. HARDIN.

For Assessor

C. A. FENG.

For Surveyor

H. C. JOLLY.

For Jailor

JOHN NEVITT.

For Coroner

WM. CREWS.

Congress will adjourn this week.

The Senate Finance Committee has reported favorably on the four supplemental bill to the house.

A woman in Frankfort took poison because her husband went to hear Breckenridge speak. She didn't take enough, however, to kill her.

John Nevitt candidate for sheriff on the Populist ticket for jailer is not the highest and general proprietor of Beaspring farm as some would be led to believe. Mr. Nevitt, the candidate, is from Hudsonville.

The politicians were simply not in it down at Owensboro last Thursday. Dr. Clardy marched his farmer forces in bright and early, captured the nomination for the first ballot and left for home before the politicians got up.

England expects \$7.2 per capita for military purposes and 62 cents for education. The United States expects 62 cents for military and \$1.20 for education. It is no wonder that they are always ready for war across the waters.

It will be noticed by an ad in another column of this issue of the News that the last opportunity that the ladies of Cloverport will have to attend the Tar Springs this season and enjoy themselves via the Breckenridge route will be next Sunday. A large crowd is expected.

There was very little political gossip floating around on the air at Hardinburg last Monday. The candidates were all there making a last hunt as it were, plucking fellows out to one side with "how things in your neck of the woods" and the battle will open up about the first of September in good hard earnest.

The Owensboro Messenger has lately moved into new quarters and is now one of the best equipped newspaper plants in the state outside of Louisville. It's a pleasure to step into an office like the Messenger. Everything is neat, clean and orderly and there's a business air prevailing that you seldom see in most newspaper offices. We congratulate you, Mr. Woodson.

The Republicans are still keeping up their campaign of misrepresentation. It was reported that ex-Sheriff Stuart DeJernette is behind with his settlements from \$10,000 to \$15,000. The truth is, he does not owe the State a single cent and the books are balanced. He is indebted to the county a little over \$1,000, and because of the fact that his land is worth from \$7,000 to \$10,000 he has not been pushed for this. Everybody knows that this shortage is no fault of Mr. DeJernette, but of a de-functing doctor. The County Court knows that the debt is good and its members are not uneasy. The books are open for inspection in the County Clerk's office and the hankiest citizen can look at them. Ex-Sheriff Stuart DeJernette cannot win by these false tales.

Commissioner Babbage was here from Hardinburg yesterday and sold the insurance money on his property which was burned about the first of June last. He got \$50 as a consolation. The company claimed that the policy was void for no reason.

HARDINSBURG.

L. H. W. TIME TABLE.

Passenger Daily car: Hardinburg, 12:12 p.m. to Owensboro.

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Mr. Arthur Bond is in the city.

Miss Maggie Smith continues quiet at ill.

Mr. Eljah Bond went to Roanoke Saturday.

Selling goods now at drought prices—J. A. Witt.

A heavy rain fell at Irvington Saturday night on Julian Brown.

We are offering great bargains for cash—J. A. Witt.

Nearly all the candidates were here last Monday.

If anybody wants saw milling done call on Julian Brown.

They are having a big protracted meeting out at Lost Run.

We divide the price but never the quality—T. C. Lewis & Co.

Miss Lizzie Smith will not return to Elizabethtown to teach this fall.

Morris Beard Jr. is building a new residence in the south end of town.

Mr. Graham Eskridge was at home a few days this week from Louisville.

Mr. Charles Wathen, of Owensboro, was here Saturday on legal business.

Postmaster, J. R. Cox and Dr. Milton Board spent last week at the Tar Springs.

In order to make room for a fall stock the goods must go at first cost—J. A. Witt.

The fight against local option comes off in the Rock Vale precinct next Saturday.

Miss Allie Witt gave a party to a number of her young friends last Tuesday night.

Mr. Herndon McGee, of Irvington, was here last week visiting Mr. Herbert Beard.

Kaye & Carter picked up their stock of goods last week and went to Vine Grove.

Prof. R. P. Shacklett is at Calton, Ky., this week conducting the Teacher's Institute.

The fine saddle and harness mare belonging to Perry Beard died last Thursday night.

Mr. Robert Johnson has gone to Danfield to take charge of the railroad and telegraph office there.

Mr. John Will Dent, of Bowlesville, was in town Monday. He reports fair crops in his neighborhood.

Under the existing law any town may become incorporated that has one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants.

We welcome the teachers who are attending the Institute. Make our store your headquarters.—T. C. Lewis & Co.

Rev. Father Neilans, of Cloverport, will hold services at the Catholic church tomorrow (Thursday) 9 o'clock a.m.

Does your watch need repairing? We do that kind of work not where it will profit you? Come and be convinced—J. A. Witt.

The County Court granted tavern license to Hardin Wilson, Bowlesville, Monday.

Miss Mary Allen wishes to sell the piano which has been in use at the Kindergarten. Call at D. H. Baldwin & Co's, make.

Mr. Marcus Mattingly and John Hoken continue going into the mercantile business in the store room vacated by Kaye & Carter.

Mr. Ed S. Foote was here Monday from Owensboro. He came up to confer degrees on some members at a meeting of the Masonic Lodge.

Mr. George W. Jolly and J. A. Dean were here one day last week. There was some talk of a compromise of the suit of Beeler vs Beard but it failed.

Chairman Mansfield has received the money to defray the expenses of the late Congressional primary. The officers only get one half of the statutory fee.

The Teacher's Institute convened Monday at the M. E. church. Ninety-five teachers answered to the roll. Prof. J. H. Logan, of Cloverport, the conductor.

The Mercantile Association will show out watches and quote prices to the teachers. We'll make it to your interest if you contemplate buying a watch.—T. C. Lewis & Co.

Mr. Hendrick, wife of Will Hendrick, Jr., died at her home last Thursday night at twelve o'clock. She was buried Friday evening at the family burying ground.

The authorities of the post-office show on duty about Sept. 1st. Ed Guthrie, formerly per-son clerk with Witt & Meador, will run it for him.

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BRECKENRIDGE.

Commissioner Babbage sold the Peck farm near Irvington at the Courtroom door Monday. It was bid in by Mrs. Bennett at \$1700. The James Allen house and lot at Carter went at \$1575.00 and was bid in by Mr. Clem Jones.

One of the finest specimens of handwriting to be found anywhere is that of old Joe Allen in the records of the County Court Clerk's office. It would be to the credit of any young man of today if he could write in such a style and keep his books in such perfect neatness. Mr. Allen's graceful hand appears on the first page of book number one and was given to his excellency, James Garrard, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth in April 1800. Mr. Allen resided in office about fifty-seven years.

It was reported here last week that the DeHaven heirs living in this county were looking for a big fortune. If it comes at all it will come from the United States. Mr. Henry E. DeHaven, of Grayson county, but who formerly lived here up to a few years ago, and his brother, Johnson DeHaven, and Hattie DeHaven, are some of the prominent parties who are looking into the matter. They were here last week making affidavits, and arranging some papers to be forwarded to Washington city where the matter is being investigated in a legal way. The grandfather of these men it is said, made a loan to the government over fifty years ago of \$30,000.00. This amount with its accumulated interest is what the heirs here are trying to recover.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a humming sound or imperfect hearing and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous lining.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars.

F. J. CUNNETT & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

OFFICIAL VOTE.

Montgomery's Majority Over Mr. Murray Is 2,437 in the District.

The Democratic District Committee met at Elizabethtown last Wednesday and canvassed the returns of the primary election.

The total showed that Mr. Montgomery had a majority of 2,437 votes, and he was duly declared the nominee.

Following are the official figures by counties: MONTGOMERY, MURRAY.

Taylor..... 312 302

Green..... 428 285

Marion..... 65 67

Nelson..... 151 912

Marion..... 103 746

Ballitt..... 297 300

Meadow..... 470 325

Marion..... 127 127

Grayson..... 592 481

Hardin..... 780 219

LaRue..... 642 242

Harrison..... 239 1094

Hardin..... 1494 698

Total..... 8120 5693

Good Democrats.

The Hartford Herald pays the Breckenridge county Democracy a deserved compliment in the following well chosen words:

"The kind of Democracy to make up an honorable party and the kind of men to sustain the glory and purity of our free government is the kind decided by the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS. While speaking of the recent primary, the News, which was Mr. Murray's home paper and his ablest champion, says:

"If a single Democrat on the county ticket is elected next November, that certain will Montgomery carry this county. Breckenridge county Democrats never do the lady act, they do the manly scratch a ticket. They are Democrats because they believe in the divine principles of Democracy."

The Last Big Show of the Season.

Shells Brothers' World's Greatest Show will give an exhibition in Louisville, September 8th and the Louisville & Nashville road will run a special train on September 8th from Louisville, stopping at all stations on the Louisville branch, as well as all stations en route. The show will be here last Saturday with sixteen to eleven in favor of the Eagles.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason McMonigle's little girl passed away last Tuesday morning. Also died here last Saturday the little blossom would bloom long, but she has been in the last indisposition and apparently was gaining strength when all unaware the Messenger came to claim for the Kingdom another jewel to live with Him who blessed little children while here on earth. To that young mother, that young father, in this bitter hour over their first loss, we would come with comforting words, with balm for their wounded hearts, but full well I know it is all in vain. Language fails and words are empty for bereaved hearts. The life of a child is a blessing of a great hope as in the setting of the sun—none but God himself can clear the tangled skein of life's problems and lead us wearily to live and cause troubled hearts to know peace. Bro. Hagan conducted the funeral services and in a beautiful white casket dear little Rita was laid to rest in the narrow tomb, where her spirit awaits to receive the love of those who follow.

Many Persons

Are about to leave for home. The household Mrs. Brown's Iron Bitters

restores the system, aids digestion, cures constipation, and builds up the system.

Solely of all druggists, 75c.

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Solely of all druggists, 75



CHARLES HOWARD MORGAN
THE BUCKLE PAPER
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It was a curious fancy, that," he mused. "I believe if she does get well, I will teach her the first thing to paint. Heigho, but she's not well yet!"

It had grown quite dark in the sitting room while they had been talking. The early evening of a winter's day had already come. Lamar all at once awoke to a realization of the flight of time. He turned the face of his watch to the fire and exclaimed:

"What an I lagging here for? It is nearly 6 o'clock! If I don't look out, this girl will ruin my business. Let us see how the patient is before we go. No, you need not trouble yourself to get a light, Miss Maxey. I have more senses than one, sleeping quietly! That is good, very good. I shouldn't wonder, after all, Maxey—ah, who knows, who knows?"

"I will strike a light while you put on your things," said Miss Maxey.

"Oh, no, don't, pray. I know how comfortable this twilight is, and I will with a light if you can help it. It is the best time of the day. Well, Maxey, good night."

"No," said Maxey suddenly. "I think I will go out with you. I have got something to say, and besides I want to smoke. Since our new arrival that's prohibited here, you know. Ellen, you are tired, and if I were you I would lie down a little while. You shall not get very long. I am just going to the corner with the doctor. But really, if you will take my advice, you will lie down and rest yourself."

"Don't worry about my dear, good brother. I know my own mind, and my weakness. I shall not overtax myself. It has not been long to be up a little tonight. I feel as bright as a day now. This must have been just a nervous attack of the truth, Ellen Maxey. Your brother had scarcely closed the door behind himself and the handsome doctor when you threw your tired body upon the bed. You listened to their footsteps going down stairs. You heard them becoming fainter and fainter till they are lost in the distance. The deep voice of Dr. Lamar is still sounding in your ears. Do not deny the fact that it is exceedingly good made to you. You think of Dr. Lamar, and you wonder."

The great house is so still, and you are so very tired! What was that? Somebody at the door? No! A rat crawling behind the woodwork, or a mouse scurrying in the grate. The wind rattles the panes. There is no other sound. Even the fire is paling now—is going out entirely. You are so much asleep."

"Open the door! Open the door! Ellen! Ellen! Open the door, I say!" Still the silence of the grave within. Julian Maxey was thoroughly alarmed by this time. Always he had stood in the hall pounding and calling for what seemed an age to him. There was something very strange about it. Strange that Ellen, expecting him back directly, should look the door on the inside. Stranger still that she should go out and leave the sick girl alone.

"Ellen! For the last time, Ellen!" Maxey had a momentary flash of breaking in the door. Then he bethought himself of his luncheon of eggs. He thrust one of them into his pocket, and heaved heavily in his excitement. Ah, the key was indeed on the inside. By dint of much rattling he managed to push it from its place and heard it fall with an ominous clink to the floor. After many ineffectual trials he picked up the key. The obstinate door yielded at last to his touch. He rushed in. It was utterly dark everywhere. He felt his way to the sitting room. The only light was the dim glow of the coals in the grate, which told him nothing.

He blindly groped his way to the center table, where he knew there was a matchbox. In the obscurity he struck against a chair and overturned it. It fell with a startling crash, and in the instant of its concussion, starting as it were, out of the very darkness, he heard again that low, tremulous utterance that was neither a moan of pain nor a plea for mercy, but a cry that came just as he had heard it borne on the bitter wind from the darkening sea that night on the rocks and craggy shore of the waves. There was something in the cry that completely unnerved Maxey. It had always been his sister's cry, as attested by the circumstances, it seemed the potency of fate itself. His hand trembled so he made no attempt to strike a match before he could strike a light. Finally the slender stick took fire and blazed up in the very center of the glare that followed he saw the girl they called Annette sitting, robed in white, upon the edge of the little bed in the alcove room, writhing her hands in the old nervous fashion, her fearful, white face turned toward him, her dark eyes regarding him with a look that said:

"But it was not this that chilled him to the heart, that made the color fade from his face till they were as white as the spectacle of his sister, Ellen."

Maxey, thrown down across her bed, a sick handkerchief twisted about her neck and her fingers clutching at the coverlet in desperate energy. Her face was black, and when he spoke to her she did not move. His vision seemed to awake an echo in the place.

Nothing else but the wind rattling the panes, and faintly the grating of the ice against the stones as the tide flowed to the sea.

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physician. Dr. Lamar became slightly embarrassed.

"I beg your pardon if in my anxiety for your welfare I have touched on a family matter."

"It is nothing to be ashamed of," blurted out Maxey, "but it is her own secret, and I have no right to mention it. She has never whispered a word to me. But I am not blind."

"Don't betray her, I beg of you," said the physician earnestly. "When she recovers, if you have any power to remove the cause of her unhappiness, do so. Say this to her, Maxey. She must not be allowed to brood."

Maxey suddenly arose. For the first time the nature of his friend's suspicion dawned upon him.

"You believe this was my sister's own fault?" he exclaimed in an unnatural calm voice.

"She wore the handkerchief about her neck. I noticed it this afternoon."

"She did?" cried Maxey, losing his calmness all at once. "She did, but don't you forget your own part in this. The unhappiness I spoke of was of sufficient strength to induce the poor girl to take her own life. Not a bit of it, it is not in the least! Her mother!"

Maxey did not heed him, but went on in a hoarse tone.

"It was my fault, of course, to let my fault. I allowed myself to be led by her. For God's sake, how did it happen?"

"Impossible!"

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The Magic Touch

OR

Hood's Sarsaparilla

You are at the idea. But

if you are a sufferer from

Dyspepsia

And indigestion, try a bottle, and be-

fore you have tried it, you will know

you will invariably find, and no

other medicine will cure you.

"That Just Hits It!"

"That something else is a magic

touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla cures

all the ailments of the stomach,

and digestive organs, invigorates

the liver, cures a natural, healthy desire

for food, gives refreshing sleep, and

in short, raises the health tone of

the entire system.

Remember, Hood's

Sarsaparilla

cures

Hood's Pills cure liver, bile, constipation,

headache, neuralgia, indigestion,

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"I SPY STRANGERS."

England's Revolt Against the Cry That

Clears the Commons for the Poor.

As is well known, it is only through

country and in violation of strict rules

that any one is allowed to trespass the

proceedings of the English parliament.

If an ill-natured member chooses to call

out any one a "spy," the speaker must

immediately clear the gallery.

This custom, of course, has become ob-

solete, and of late the ladies, who can

go anywhere else in Westminster where

visitors are allowed, through their es-

pecial champion, Mr. Byles, have en-

joyed to secure the same privilege

relative to admission to the members'

gallery as those accorded to men.

In a recent declaration before the

house of parliament Mr. Herbert Glad-

stone stated that the exclusion of ladies

from this place was based on the rule

enforced by successive speakers that

women cannot obtain admission to the

house. "In fact," he said, "it was in

1670 and 1678, the occasional

presence of women in the gallery below

the bar venetian blinds. Notices having

on Feb. 3, 1778, been taken that stran-

gers were present, the speakers who

were men withdrew it. Ladies who filled

the gallery exhibit such persevering

that they compel the order that they

interrupt the business of the house

for two hours. Since that ladies

have been allowed to sit within

that part of the house."

Mr. Herbert Gladstone's statement

filled the English newspapers with ed-

itorial comment on the subject, and

the general trend of which goes to show

that the British maid and matron pro-

pose to assert their right to sit in the

gallery to witness the doings of the law-

makers with their husbands and sweet-

hearts.—New York American.

GOLD SWEATERS AT WORK.

Your Double Eagles Are Liable to Be a

Staring discovery was made in the

subterranean morning, and as a

result all the gold coins in the city

of \$20 gold pieces, as "sweaters" is at

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